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Translated for this Journal.

The Piano-Forte Sonatas of Beethoven.

By ERNST VON ELTERLEIN.

BEETHOVEN, in his Sonatas, as in all his instrumental music, took his point of departure from Haydn and Mozart. But when he had arrived at greater maturity and independence, he forsook their paths, struck out new ways, new directions, raised the Sonata to higher importance both in form and matter, breathed into it a spirit wholly foreign to Mozart and Haydn, and, in a word, lent it that peculiar grandeur which, un-reached by others, challenges the unqualified admiration of the true friend of music. While Haydn and Mozart attached less importance to the piano Sonatas in comparison with their other instrumental compositions; while they appeared for instance always more significant in Symphonies and Quartets for strings, Beethoven entered most profoundly into this kind of music; he embodied an essential side of his genius in it; he appears about as great in it as in the Symphony and string Quartet,—a fact which has led HAND in his "Aesthetik der Tonkunst" to assert that Beethoven's peculiarity is chiefly to be recognized in his Sonatas. This is maintaining altogether too much, for the centre of gravity of the Beethoven music lies essentially in the Symphonies and Quartets; but it is true that for the fullest comprehension of the great genius the Sonatas form one of the most essential moments. It is precisely in the Sonatas that we most clearly recognize the steps of Beethoven's artistic development; in them, and only best in them, can we follow the unfolding of his genius to the point of perfect independence.

Beethoven, like every great mind, did not all

at once become what he was in his full bloom and maturity. We have already said, that in his Sonatas he at first walked in the paths of Haydn and Mozart, and only when he had traversed this sphere did he attain to self-sufficiency. This transition from greater or less self-reliance to fully pronounced individuality—certainly the most interesting psychological moment in the development of a great artist—is better shown in the Sonatas than in what Beethoven has created in the other kinds of music. Take, for instance, the Symphonies. Between the first and second on the one hand, which stand essentially upon the Haydn-Mozart standpoint, and the third, what a gulf! Who, after hearing the D major Symphony, has any presentiment of the gigantic build of the *Eroica*? Again what a bold and sudden stride from the Quartets op. 17, to the three of op. 59 (dedicated to Count Razoumoffsky)! The examination of particular Sonatas on the contrary will show, how already in his earlier works the individuality of the master works itself out in single passages; how here and there, more and more, the later ripeness and greatness flash out lightning sparks.

If we approach the Sonatas now more nearly, we find, what has just been indirectly expressed, that these works belong partly to the epoch of the growing and becoming, partly to that of the matured artist. We have, then, in the Sonatas to distinguish a Haydn-Mozart period on the one hand, and a period of fully developed independent, individual creation. But this by no means exhausts the main points of view, under which we have to consider the Beethoven Sonatas. It is well known that Beethoven in the last years of his artistic career withdrew more and more within himself; that he, partly from outward, partly from inward influences, isolated his soul's life, cultivated and increased his subjectivity, his inmost self, up to a point, where the artist, torn entirely free from all objective life and all objective moods, appears an isolated being and reveals an individuality developed to the very extreme within itself. This marks the last or third period of the Beethoven creations; it is distinctly cognizable also in his Sonatas. These three principal periods are strikingly characterized by BRENDL in his lectures on the History of Music thus: "The first, in which Beethoven, while his peculiarities stand out decidedly, yet on the whole, in the character and style of his compositions, approaches Haydn (and Mozart, we might add); the second, where his direction appears fully stamped, and Beethoven meets us in his sound and proper nature; the third, where for the most part only the mental states of a complete recluse, estranged from all human intercourse, are represented;—the period

of his sickly" (this seems to us to need considerable qualification) "subjectivity, turned back upon itself."

But as regards the Sonatas especially, we must, to recognize them quite distinctly in their peculiarity, assume still another, a transition period from the first to the second epoch, as has before been hinted; for we find among them works, which already stand so far out from the first epoch and approach so near the second, as to form a peculiar group by themselves.

Finally there are among the Sonatas some productions, which seem to lie even before the first period, and which, in comparison with the more completed works, may be regarded as mere attempts of the as yet far from self-sustaining youth and pupil; pieces in which we find not the slightest trace of the Beethoven that already shines out here and there in the Haydn-Mozart period. The result is that we have found five several groups of Sonatas.

[To be continued.]

[From the New York Musical Review.]

Schœlcher's Life of Handel.

[Continued from page 283.]

Towards the end of 1703, the opera was undertaken by Keiser and Drüsike, and under their auspices Handel's *Almira* and *Nero* were brought out—the last two plays in which Mattheson acted. He of course could not be mistaken in the reception they met with. He does not say that the former was "very successful," as M. Schœlcher has it, but simply that Handel "produced it happily;" and to Mainwaring's story that it ran thirty nights, he says: "There were but forty-eight days between the two [*Almira* and *Nero*]—at the most, seven weeks. In the seven weeks were seven Sundays, seven Saturdays, fourteen Post-days—Marian and festival-days not counted. Where, then, can you get the thirty representations which he will have it the *Almira* had uninterruptedly?" That it was *not* very successful, is fully proved by the fact that in the succeeding year Keiser set the same text again to music, and brought it out. Of *Nero*, we never hear again.

We explain the matter thus: Keiser was altogether the greatest operatic composer of his time, as well as one of the most fertile. He had already had the experience which the production of thirty operas upon the Hamburg stage alone could give him, when he allowed the young fugue-writer and organist, Handel, to produce two works. They did not meet with such success as could warrant him in producing more from the same pen. Besides this, to the *Florindo* and *Daphne* there was a particular objection, which the following note by Eschenburg to Burney's "Commemoration," will explain:

"These two operas, in fact, belong together. In the last, the fable of the former is continued, and in the preface to them, [the theatre libretto, doubtless,] it is stated that on account of the great length of the music, the whole has in this manner been divided into two parts."

So long, therefore, as Keiser and Driiske had the opera, Handel's work lay upon the shelf; but upon their failure, and a change in the direction, it was brought out with doubtless pretty feeble success.

These views, and some other points sustaining them, we find so well given by Dr. Lindner, in his "Die erste stehende Deutsche Oper," that we can not forbear translating a page:

"People generally," says he, "when they speak of the German opera at Hamburg, fall into the error of speaking of Handel and Keiser in one breath as equals; indeed it has gone so far that here and there Handel has had attributed to him a very powerful and reformatory influence upon this opera. This is altogether wrong. Not only was Keiser much earlier there, but from the very first had exhibited such a talent and perfection as operatic composer, that not only must we give him alone the credit for all that was especially good in the Hamburg opera, but, upon closer examination, it appears clear that it was mainly through his works that the rough diamond which Handel brought with him thither, received its first polish. When the latter came to Hamburg, he was in the habit of setting very long, long arias, and really endless cantatas, which had neither true proportions nor correct taste, although the harmony was perfect; and when he set his first opera, *Almira*, he hardly knew how to set about it. As, at that time, according to Mattheson, he knew how to do hardly any thing but to make regular fugues; and as imitation was as new to him as a strange tongue, and therefore as perplexing and annoying, he was in the habit of showing this first opera to Mattheson, scene by scene, and coming to him every evening for his opinions. To hide the pedant, cost him great pains. This may be, as we have said, literally the fact; especially when we consider that the few operas which Handel, in the succeeding years, composed for the Hamburg theatre, had even less success than the *Almira*, which itself two years later was placed completely in the back-ground by the new music with which Keiser had clothed it. When, however, Mattheson adds to his relation of these circumstances: 'Let nobody wonder at this—I learned from him as he did from me—docendo enim discimus,' he evidently makes too much of his influence upon Handel. For if Handel was very soon made another man through the influence of the high school of the opera, as he says in another place, this was doubtless due mostly to the numerous and constantly occurring new works of Keiser. A proof of this may be seen in the musical appendix to this work, in the masterly alto air [by Keiser] from *La Forza della Virtù*, (1700); but another and the best is found in the score of Handel's *Almira* itself. The airs, and particularly the German airs of that work, are so thoroughly in the style of Keiser, that some of them may be viewed as copies. They have nothing at all original in them, and show clearly, how Handel, during the early part of his dramatic activity, followed the school of Keiser, and at first was completely subject to him. Afterwards, no doubt, Italy, and his intimate acquaintance with Steffani, wrought very beneficially in many respects, upon him."

But we continue our examination of Mr. Schöelcher's able work:

"We have also to regret the cantatas, the sonatas, and a great quantity of vocal and instrumental music which the author of *Almira* composed at Hamburg. Mainwaring says: 'Two chests full were left at Hamburg.'"—Schöelcher, page 37. Note.

Mattheson says to this:

"We Hamburgers have until now, (1761.) never heard of these two chests. In Wich's music-book for 1704, are two minuets and half an air. That is all."

Again Mr. Schöelcher:

"He first of all turned his steps [upon leaving Hamburg] toward Florence, in which city we may conclude that he arrived about the month of July, 1706, having resided three years at Hamburg." Page 38, and Note.

Mr. Schöelcher's discoveries in the manuscripts of Handel seem conclusive of the fact that the

composer was in Italy in 1707, at the latest, and that Mattheson was the victim of a most extraordinary *lapsus memoriae*. As a matter of curiosity, we will collect a few of his assertions upon this point:

"On the 25th of February, (1705,) followed the *Nero*. * * * * Handel remained still four to five years connected with our opera, and had, moreover, very many pupils."—Ehrenpforte, p. 95.

"In 1708, he finished the *Florindo*, as well as the *Daphne*, which, however, did not compare with the *Almira*. Anno 1709, he composed nothing. Thereupon he had an opportunity of making a journey free, with von Binitz,* into Italy, where in the year 1710, in the winter, at Venice, upon the stage of San Giov. Chrisostomo, he produced his *Agrippine*, in which—when it was performed eight years afterwards in the Hamburg Theatre—people not unjustly imagined they found very striking imitations of original passages in *Porsenna*." (!) (The joke here is, that *Porsenna* is an opera produced by Mattheson, in 1702.)—Ehrenpforte, page 95.

"On the 9th of June, [July?] 1703, he (Mattheson) made the acquaintance of Handel at an organ," etc.; then follows the journey to Lübeck, and their playing for a wager, Handel winning upon the organ, and Mattheson upon the harpsichord. "So they agreed not to stand in each other's way—an agreement which they faithfully kept five or six years."—Lebensbeschreibung Handels, page 22.

"We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen. * * * * After his six years' stay in Hamburg, we leave this celebrated man to the Italians and English; not believing, however, that the moon is made of green cheese."—Ibid., page 33. Note.

"Anno 1709, at the time of his departure from Hamburg, Handel was over twenty-five years of age."—Ibid., page 45. Note.

"In that year, [1710,] he produced his *Agrippine* at Venice, and in 1709, he was not yet away from Hamburg."—Ibid., page 61.

But enough—perhaps too much of this.

"Hawkins pretends—and some other biographers have repeated after him—that the Abbe Steffani voluntarily resigned this post [capellmeistership to George of Hanover] in his favor; but it has been observed, with truth, (?) that Steffani, who was a Catholic priest, could not have held such a position under a Protestant Prince."—Schöelcher, page 46.

Hawkins's History appeared in 1776. We think we can show authorities earlier than that for the statement. Let us look into Mattheson's list of Hamburg operas, (1728.)

"Anno 1695, No. 64. *Der Hochmüthige Alexander*, music by Sigr. Steffani, at that time Capellmeister in Hanover, afterwards Abbé, and finally Bishop."

In Marburg's list of German operas, 1758, is the same. In Forkel's *Musikalische Almanac*, Leipzig, 1784, is a sketch of the life of Steffani, introduced by the following note: "This account of the life of one of the greatest of men in the musical profession, whose treatise, 'Quanta certezza habbia la Musica ne suoi principii,' and masterly duets, by real judges, are still greatly valued, is copied from the *Hamburg Journal*, 1764." We copy a passage or two from the sketch:

"Ernst August, Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg, father of George I., King of Great Britain, invited him to Hanover, to take upon himself the office of Kapellmeister."—Almanack, page 171.

In 1710, the Pope made him Bishop of Spiga, in the Spanish West-Indies. He remained, however, in Hanover.

"Steffani was henceforth looked upon in general as a statesman. Hence he no longer attached his name to his musical works; but his copyist, Gregorio Piva, had to place his upon them. In the year 1708, he gave up his Kapellmeistership fully. This he did principally for the benefit of Herr Handel, to whom we are indebted for the most of what we know about Steffani."—Ibid., page 175.

* Mattheson records Handel's journey with Von Binitz also in another place.

It is as well proved that Steffani was Kapellmeister to the Elector, as that Handel ever was, although a Catholic.

"How it came to pass that he [Thomas Britton] learned to play the viola di gamba, is not known; but he played upon it," etc. Note, to this. "It is therefore an error to suppose that the viola di gamba was introduced into England by Attilio in 1721."—Schöelcher, page 58.

Very decidedly an error, unless when Shakespeare makes Sir Toby Belch say of Sir Andrew Aguecheek: "He plays o' the Viol-de-Gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book," it only proves the existence of that instrument—in Illyria! What is the six-string bass, in Mace's "chests of viols," which is to be "set Down between the *Cubes* of your *Legs* and *Knees*; so, as by *Them*, *It may stand steadily without Help of your Left Hand, and so fast, that a Stander-by can not easily take It Thence*," but the viola di gamba?—Musick's Monument, fol. London, 1676. Page 247.

If there should be any doubt as to the instrument referred to by Mace, there can be none upon that for which John Playford gives several pages of Instructions. He calls it *viol de gambo*, and prefixes a picture of the instrument. See his "Introduction to the Skill of Musick, 16mo. London, 1674."—Page 91, *et seq.*

Handel, it seems, (Schöelcher, page 40,) introduced one of these instruments into his *Resurrezione*; but he was surpassed by his great contemporary, John Sebastian Bach, as appears by a manuscript cantata in Dr. Mason's Library, entitled, "Gottes Zeit ist die Allerbeste Zeit," scored for two flutes, *two viols di gamba*, soprano, alto, tenor, basso, and fundamento."

"A Hanoverian Baron named Kilmanseck, a great admirer of Handel, and a friend of George I., undertook to bring them together again," etc.—the famous story of the water-music.—Schöelcher, page 61.

Query. Whether the mediator, or rather mediatrix, was not George's mistress, the Kilmansecke—known as "La Baronne"?

[To be continued.]

THE BALLET.

What a 'wondering sight, what a maze of delight;

Was ever anything like it?—

Ambient swarms of fairy-like forms,
Beauty and grace of figure and face,

Exquisite grouping,

Delicate drooping,

Rocket-like rising,

Briskness surprising,

Boundings aerial,

Drapery airily scant at each end;

Gauzy material,

Scarcely betraying where flesh and frock blend;

Muslin and dimity,

Half-hidden symmetry,

Ribands and roses,

Passionate poses,

Lithe shapes revolving,

Clusters dissolving,

Ever fresh beauties artistic unfold,

Limbs neat and tapering

Volatile capering,

A living labyrinth rare to behold,—

Oh!—what a vision of charming confusion,

Simple and complex, all at a glance;

Half a reality—half an illusion,

Such is the mystic and magical dance.

Whirling, twirling,

Skipping, tripping,

Flashing, dashing,

In merriest measure;

Circumnutations,

Supple saltations,

Daring gyrations,

Perennial pleasure!

The ballet!—we'll call it—mild metaphor spurning—
A human kaleidoscope, constantly turning.

Courier.

From my Diary, No. 15.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 25.—Suppose a case. John Strong has studied an elementary work or two on Chemistry, has heard a course or two of lectures at some college, and with certain acids, alkalies, a red cabbage for coloring, a few salts, a small air pump to be used in suffocating a kitten and extinguishing a candle, a few bell glasses, receivers, and other like apparatus, is a very acceptable addition to the force of instructors in the school for boys in Snugville. John Strong saves a little money, and, honestly wishing to make himself more worthy of the name of Chemist, crosses the water, and spends a year in Goettingen with Woehler. He is industrious, perhaps has even more than ordinary ability, and at the end of the year prepares a thesis, which, being here and there corrected and touched up by a competent person, really becomes quite a creditable affair to him, and he gets a diploma from the institution.

Suppose, moreover, that a young fellow in Woehler's laboratory should write a letter to the *American Mining Journal*, or *Silliman's Journal of Science*—and it should be printed—in which we should read how the said thesis was read in public; what dignitaries of the University were present, how Woehler himself assisted in the experiments performed, and, in short, what an immense affair it was generally. Then should follow a flaming account of the thesis itself, illustrating American Chemistry in Goettingen by a minute analysis of its contents, and showing what wonderful discoveries John Strong has made, and what remarkable manipulations John Strong has performed. Then our letter writer closes by informing us that John Strong has not confined himself to any one branch of his science, but is equally great in organic, analytic, and chemistry of other "ies"; that he has received the most flattering testimonials from Woehler, from Heinrich Rose, and Mitscherlich—these two he saw during a flying visit to Berlin—and that Liebig, who glanced over his thesis at Munich, the day John Strong was there, closes his testimonial with these flattering words: "America need not now content herself with European discoveries and improvements in Chemistry, as Mr. Strong can furnish his country with original essays and papers corresponding to the progress which the science has made in the old world."

No one can be at a loss to conceive what effect such a letter would have upon the reputation of John Strong in the minds of such men as Professors Gibbs, Whitney, Joy, Horsford, Hungerford, and others, who, having spent years of laborious study in the laboratories of Rose, Woehler, Liebig, Mitscherlich, know what is absolutely required of a man before he can pretend to lay claim to the name of Chemist. John Strong might well most devoutly exclaim, "Lord, save me from my friends!"

Kind and friendly criticism of a young man's efforts in science or art, judicious notices in the public prints of his labors, the right hand of fellowship offered him by such as have already achieved distinction, a compliment here and there when deserved—these are most desirable and beneficial in their influence upon the young aspirant. But when praise degenerates into flattery, and compliment is carried to absurdity, the would-be friend is in fact little better than an enemy.

On my way from New York hither I amused myself with the perusal of several numbers of the *New York Musical World*, and found in one of them a letter which has given rise to this entry in my diary. It is an account of the performance of a psalm or cantata at Leipzig by an American musical student, who had been there one year, and is written in a style which might properly be adopted had the work been some newly discovered treasure from the pen of Mozart, Bach, or Beethoven.

I read the letter two or three times, in doubt

whether to consider it a quiz, a puff extraordinary, or an honest expression of opinion. I could hardly place it in the first category, happening to know that the name signed to it is that of an English student of music in Leipzig. Without undertaking to decide the point, I will quote one passage:

"Mr. —, who has not confined himself to vocal composition, but has written several instrumental quartets and overtures, &c., has been honored with a diploma from the Leipzig Conservatorium of Music, and has received the most flattering testimonials from Kapelle Meister Rietz, the Director of the Gewandhaus Concerts; Franz Liszt, the great pianist and composer; Dr. Hauptman, Dr. Richter, and Dr. Louis Spohr, the eminent composer, who closes his testimonial with these flattering words: "America need not now content herself with European compositions, as Mr. — can furnish his country with original works corresponding to the progress which this art has made in the Old World."

One feels inclined to query how venerable old "Dr. Louis Spohr, the eminent composer," or "Franz Liszt, the great pianist and composer,"—the one in Cassel, the other in Weimar—could have become so well acquainted with the extraordinary merits of a student of a year's standing in the Leipzig Conservatorium? In fact, many questions arise, not easily answered.

Now, for aught I know, the Cantata of Mr. Blank may be the greatest work since Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and his genius resplendent as the unclouded sun; but if he knows the difference between rational commendation and absurd overdoing of the matter, his aspiration may well be—

"Lord save me from P. Wright!"

First Appearance of Carl Formes in New York.

(From the *Courier & Enquirer*, Dec. 2.)

CARL FORMES made his first appearance on Monday evening before an audience larger than any ever seen within the walls of the Academy of Music, except those which gathered against and in support of Mayor Wood during the past week. There were some elements of discord in this immense throng. Madame LA GRANGE was hissed on two or three occasions, but certainly by those who do not in any way represent New York appreciation of the unwearied exertions of this excellent lady and admirable artist. These expressions of spite were soon hushed, and the evening passed off very pleasantly, Madame La Grange singing the music of Alice excellently well.

Herr Formes showed himself to be a greater artist than, with all his reputation, we had expected to find him. His voice is plenteous in quantity, beautiful in quality: it is a pure bass; but he does not roar, he sings; and as an actor he has had no equal among the operatic artists who have preceded him. We notice with surprise some comparison made between him and Marini, — a coarse bawler, whose only recommendation was a loud, but harsh, hard, unsympathetic voice. Formes produces his impression not by the strength of his voice, although he has more than any basso yet heard here; nor by its compass, though we should say he had at command two clear octaves and more, from E flat below to F above; it is his intelligent use of this noble organ which must win him the admiration of all cultivated lovers of music. The grace and ease with which he passes from note to note, no matter what the interval, or whether with full or half voice, the delicate modulation of his tones, and ever varying graduation of his volume of sound, the precision and firmness of his execution, the unerring truth of his intonation, his expressive style—every inflection having an intelligent purpose;—and above all the pure and flowing method of vocalization which he constantly exhibits, place him in the first rank of the eminent lyric artists that have visited us within the last few years.

Herr Formes has a fine presence, being rather tall and well made, with an expressive face, which, when not made up for Bertrand, must be pleas-

ing, if not handsome. In this making up, too, he shows his quality. He does not distort his visage and make it so hideous that Robert as well as every other human being must look at it with a mixture of horror and mirth, which is the fashion of other Bertrands: he only marks it in such a manner that his own efforts to throw a cynical and sardonic expression into it may be aided, and then trusts to his own control of mind and feature. In his hands the part of Bertrand has dignity and power. His manner is marked by the farthest possible remove from extravagance, both in acting and in singing; and, indeed, the impression that he constantly produces is that of ample, self-contained, reserved power. The Germans may well be proud of him; but so may the Italians, whose language he enunciates so finely; for although his artistic intelligence is Northern, his artistic feeling has the warm tone of the sunny South. He was quite ill on this occasion; but although he may hereafter sing with more spirit and force, he showed, even under such depressing circumstances, the high quality and the completeness of his artistic power. There was a part of his voice, including two or three upper notes, which he did not on this evening deliver as freely as became his "royal mouth." The defect may possibly be permanent and inherent, or we perhaps must attribute it to the state of his health. We look with most pleasurable expectations for his appearance in other operas and in oratorio.

The management deserve credit, under the circumstances, for the manner in which this very exacting opera was put upon the stage. Its demands, especially in the third act, are always greater than our American resources can supply.

The New Basso.

(From the *New York Musical World*.)

It is now some fifteen or sixteen years since Herr Formes left his native place Mulheim, a small town near the Rhine, about an hour's travel from Cologne. In this town he had tried various humble avocations; first as shoe-maker, then as beer brewer, then as sexton. But on fairly attaining his manhood he discovered that he had a voice, and consequently left for Cologne, where he took lessons of the then celebrated German Basso Oehrlein—who, by the way, has been for some years in this country, has appeared sometimes in German opera, has sung in several of our city Catholic churches, and has now left, we believe, with Mlle. Vestval's company. Oehrlein lost his voice and celebrity, while his pupil Formes retained his voice and more than succeeded to his master's reputation.

Oehrlein had great difficulty at first with Formes, who at that time was very heavy and stupid, and destitute of all manner and address. But the voice of Formes was so fine, and improved so much under cultivation, that he soon began to take subordinate parts in opera. Despite his awkwardness and lack of polish, his fine voice made its own way with the public; he began to take more important parts, to sing in concerts, and finally received the offer of an engagement at the opera in Vienna, which he accepted. But, joining the revolutionists of 184—, he was obliged to leave Vienna and return again for a short time to Cologne, whence he went to London with a German company. Here he has remained ever since, and has gradually been growing in public favor and in celebrity.

In respect of voice, Formes is not what he once was. Aside from the general failure of tone, however, a marked defect is now apparent in his faulty intonation. He is sometimes nearly half a tone out of the way. But the great volume of his voice, and its unusual depth, excites the admiration of the audience and carries him through. On his first appearance at the Academy on Monday evening, he dropped, several times, to E flat, and sustained the tone firmly and fully.

Robert Le Diable was an opera for our German population, and the Germans were there on Monday evening in immense numbers. From "Paradise" to parquet, the house was crowded to excess. The opera opened not over-felicitously: the finely-fugued overture and the first chorus

showed lack of drill. Formes, on entering with Brignardi, was handsomely received by the audience. It was soon evident, that although Formes is undoubtedly a great Basso, (in respect of voice,) he was not, and could never have been, an accomplished singer. He studied but a very short time, and then was left to his own taste. He therefore lacks style and school, and seems to be deficient in ear. Still, as the *biggest* voice, probably, that we have yet had in this country, his arrival here is an event.

Madame De Lagrange accepts largely of the charity of the audience in her performance of the part of *Alice*, in the sostenuto music of which (requiring a perfectly steady and reliable tone) her entirely unmanageable tremulousness is most painful to a cultivated ear. Madame's best musical friends (among whom we reckon ourselves) cannot but concede that this great singer is no longer herself, except in florid, rapid, and highly executive music. The changes undertaken in Meyerbeer's music, on the present occasion, were also something which no person of musical culture could approve.

Signor Brignardi as *Robert* was so-so-ish. Signor Labocetta as *Raimbault* was extremely good, in fact the best of all. Mlle. Cairoli got through much better than she at first promised, and was deservedly applauded.

There was much curtailment and disarrangement of the opera. The second act was thrown out of its place and merged with the fourth act, both being curtailed and foreshortened. The third act was also cut into two separate acts, and shortened at that.

The graveyard scene lacked graves and tombstones. The ghosts, therefore, were denied the privilege of rising out of them, and had to walk out from behind the scenes. The change of ghosts into nymphs, which abroad is usually accomplished by machinery, the ghostly dress being whisked off like a flash of lightning, had here to be accomplished by the poor ghosts themselves—with their own hands. The times are hard, however; and it is not strange that even the ghosts have to undress themselves.

Musical Correspondence.

THE OPERA HOUSES OF EUROPE:—No. II, THEATRE LYRIQUE, OF PARIS.

PARIS, NOV. 16.—It is getting uncomfortably cold in Paris. Fuel is dear, candles ditto, and in my little room *au quatrieme* the nights are dismal and dreary. At such times I seek refuge in Paradise!

Do not be startled at this sacrilegious assertion. Paris (which many folks think is after all but an abbreviation for Paradise) goes to the theatre every night, and that part of Paris that cannot afford to pay for its boxes, or stalls, or seats d'orchestre, goes away up to the amphitheatre—generally a hot, uncomfortable place—which, with a Mark Tapley style of jocularly, it calls "Paradise."

The charges of admission to Paradise vary from fifty cents down to fifteen; and, inconsistent as it may appear, the fifteen cent Paradise of the *Theatre Lyrique* is vastly more cool and comfortable than its more expensive competitor of the *Grand Opéra*. The operas are given in excellent style, and consequently the *Theatre Lyrique* is one of the principal places of resort. Of course I patronize Paradise, for the monetary panic at New York has, I fear, affected the savings bank where is deposited my fifty dollars, on the interest of which I am travelling through Europe. So, you perceive, economy is advisable on my part.

There is probably no portion of Paris more intensely Parisian than the Boulevards du Tem-

ple, where stand in one block all the minor theatres of the city—the *Theatre Lyrique*, *Theatre de la Gaieté*, *des Folies Dramatiques*, *Funambules*, and others. At night the fronts of all these places of entertainment are brilliantly illuminated, and the wide *trottoir*, with its double row of trees, and its innumerable booths for the sale of refreshments, is crowded with people waiting in regular lines two abreast, before each theatre, for the opening of the doors. The policemen (all, as usual, looking like Louis Napoleon) are ubiquitous, and immediately noticeable, by their uniform, and cocked hats; there are also a few soldiers in military uniform pacing before the doors, with their brazen helmets flashing in the gaslight. There is no confusion in this scene. Every new comer quietly takes his place at the end of the *queue*, and when the doors are opened, marches in regularly and slowly, there never being allowed any of the crushing and crowding that invariably attends a similar occurrence in the States or Great Britain.

The *Theatre Lyrique* is the first you meet, as you come from the Boulevard St. Martin, and is the only one whose exterior can lay any claim to architectural beauty. This theatre was built in 1846 by Alexander Dumas, the novelist, and was opened under the name of *Theatre Historique*, though devoted to the drama in all its forms. The front is narrow, but tastefully designed, and as we take our place in the *queue* (which all must do, no matter what part of the house they patronize), we have leisure to inspect it at a distance. The entrance is flanked by two couples of fluted Ionic columns, and two caryatides, representing Tragedy and Comedy, support the flat architrave of the entrance. Above this entablature is a vast semicircular niche, flanked by caryatides, representing Hamlet and Ophelia and the Cid and Chimena; these support a circular pediment, adorned with a winged statue of the Genius of History. The interior of the large niche is handsomely frescoed, and quite a miscellaneous assemblage of distinguished persons are gathered there, including Poetry, Comedy and Tragedy, hand in hand, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Seneca, Shakespeare, Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, Schiller, Talma, Nourrit, Gluck, Mehul, Aristophanes, Menander, Plautus, Terence, Molière, Goethe, Lope de Vega, Cervantes, Regnard, Marivaux, Mlle. Mars, Mozart, and Gretry. In other compartments there are scenes from various plays and operas both classic and modern.

While looking at this, we are frequently interrupted by a pertinacious creature, who wants to sell "*Vert-vert pour quinze centimes—trois sous*," this "*Vert-vert*" being a little newspaper, containing the list of performances for that evening in all the theatres of the city, with the names of performers; for in Paris and in the English theatres they have no programmes for gratuitous distribution as with us. In London and Dublin women sell the programmes in the street for a penny, and in Paris you are offered for three sous the same, with the addition of a page or so of the latest theatrical and musical gossip.

At last there is a slight movement ahead, and slowly the doors of the theatre absorb the waiting crowd, who as quietly distribute themselves in the different parts of the house. Wherever they go there is a Louis Napoleon-like policeman. He stands by the ticket seller (a lady) and by the ticket taker; he is ubiquitous, very observant, but very polite.

A female attendant shows you to a seat, and takes care of your hat for a sou, and then you are at liberty to observe the interior of the house. It is very peculiar, being elliptical in form, twenty metres in breadth, and only sixteen in depth, by which arrangement every part of the house is quite near the stage. The general decorations consist of garlands of fruits and flowers on a white ground, while the hangings and cushions are of red damask. There are three tiers of boxes, while directly behind the highest, and at a sufficient elevation to place the occupants above the range of the heads in front of them, is the amphitheatre, alias Paradise. The ceiling has been frescoed in the usual conventional style, with colonnades, and festoons, and Muses; but all these works of art are almost obliterated by time and smoke. The building is chiefly lighted by two glass chandeliers, so disposed as not to intercept the view from any part of the house.

The proscenium is quite plain, surmounted by the arms of the country, while on frescoed panels directly above are the names of Mozart, Gretry, Dalayrac, and Cherubini. Over either of the handsome Corinthian façades of private stage boxes are the names of Gluck and Lully, while on the front of the balustrade of the lower tier are those of Boieldieu, Weber, Herold, and Bellini. The drop curtain is a conventional affair, representing half-raised drapery and a perspective of landscape. The *salle* is on the whole one of the most comfortable and social of all the Parisian theatres.

The operas generally produced here are those of French composers, and here all the rising young musicians have their earlier efforts brought before the public; the stage is at the same time a sort of preparatory school for the *Opera Comique* and *Grand Opera*, and as all these establishments belong to government, their interests never clash. Most of the modern French artists have debuted at the *Theatre Lyrique*. Marie Cabel, the reigning star of the *Opera Comique*, first appeared here, and Roger, the tenor, also once belonged to this troupe, then was promoted to the *Opera Comique*, and now holds the first position in the *Grand Opera* de l'Academie de Musique, the highest professional rank a French singer can attain.

Yet, notwithstanding that the *Theatre Lyrique* is a training school for artists, the performances there are by no means wanting in skill and effect. The orchestra is excellent, and the *mise en scène* exhibits all the perfection for which the Parisian theatres are in this respect so famed. The first time I attended this establishment, Weber's *Oberon* was the opera; and I have never heard the splendid overture better done, while the scenic effects were really surprising. The character of Rezia was assumed by Mme. CAMBARDI, a powerful dramatic singer, and a favorite here, while that of Huon was by MICHOT, a tenor who deserves a more extensive fame than he has yet achieved. But I have noticed that the tenor singers at the *Opera* in Paris are far superior to the *prime donne*. I have not yet heard since leaving New York a prima donna who can at all compare with that modern Cecilia, Anna de Lagrange, but in such minor theatres as the *Lyrique* we hear nightly tenors who in the States would eclipse the popularity of Brignoli himself.

Between the acts we will stroll outside, and as we leave the theatre with a number of seekers

after fresh air, we become aware of an excitement. There is a great noise, and the shrieking of men and women on the wide *trottoir*; but, notwithstanding the dire confusion, be assured it is no new revolution—merely the venders of drinks and fruits inviting the passers by to partake of their good fare. If you listen a few moments, you will distinguish the words that old woman with the strange headdress is bawling out, as she points to her glasses of lemonade; and as you approach she will honor you with a special cry of:

Monsieur, veut-il quelque-chose a b-o-i-r-e?, dwelling on the last word with a howl, as of a person in great agony.

Immediately a vender of pears will poetically respond from a neighboring booth:

Monsieur, veut-il manger un p-o-i-r-e? and so the antiphonal howling will be piercing your ears till you return to Paradise.

The repertoire of the Theatre Lyrique includes, I believe, all the operas of Weber; and his *Oberon* and *Euryanthe* are especial favorites here. On my second visit I heard the latter opera most excellently given, with Mlle. AMELIE REY, a new debutante, and that superb tenor, MARCHOT, in the chief rôles. You have no idea how often new debutantes appear upon this stage. They are usually selected from the more promising members of the chorus, learn a few rôles, and after performing them at the Lyrique a few times, are sent off to the provincial theatres, whence in a few years they will return to Paris, and, if of sufficient ability, are engaged at the Opera Comique. When superannuated, they draw a pension from government. There is a ballet corps connected with the Lyrique, and in *Euryanthe* these votaries of Terpsichore dance to the music of Weber's well-known *Invitation à la Danse*, which has been arranged for the orchestra by BERLIOZ. The ballet corps are also educated with a view to promotion to the Opera Comique and Grand Opera, and likewise in old age receive pensions from the government.

The performances are generally preceded by some little comic operetta of one act, usually without chorus, and employing only three or four characters. *M. Griffard*, by Méstapés, is the name of one of these pretty little musical farces, which are rendered by the second class singers of the troupe; and generally the house does not fill up till the commencement of the more elaborate opera, the chief attraction of the evening. At present, *Margot*, a new opera, in three acts, by M. Louis Clapisson, alternates at the Theatre Lyrique with *Oberon* and *Euryanthe*.

TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, DEC. 8.—Decidedly the greatest success here in the operatic line for some years, or at least since the famous Sontag Troupe, is the production of *Roberto Il Diavolo* by the company now performing at the Academy. I mean success in the largest, fullest sense, not merely in the number of representations and large audiences, but also in respect of quality as to what is given, and the manner in which it is given. Mr. ULMANN certainly deserves our hearty thanks for producing this noble work in so acceptable a manner.

Herr FORMES comes the nearest to my ideal of a truly great artist of any male singer I have

ever heard. What a ponderous voice! and yet how smooth and flexible! How attentive to all the details and business of his part, yet without stiffness or any seeming effort! One feels so grateful for the exquisite pleasure afforded, that an attempt at fault-finding is disagreeable. Of course it is necessary to hear and see an artist in different characters to be able to judge of his breadth and scope.

How I long to hear his noble voice in "Elijah"! I shall be greatly surprised if Herr Formes does not create a breeze among your oratorio-loving people. *La Traviata* is to succeed *Robert* after Wednesday.

BELLINI.

Music Abroad.

LONDON.—The programme of the second winter concert at the Crystal Palace comprised a Symphony in G by Haydn, the piano Concerto in C minor by Mozart, a Scherzo (G minor) by Mendelssohn, the overture to "Tell"; Balfe's song: "Come into the garden, Maud," Brahms's "Death of Nelson" song, and Thalberg's "Home" fantasia. Miss Arabella Goddard was the pianist, and Charles Brahms the singer.... "St. Paul" and the "Creation" were the oratorios performed by Mr. Hullah's "first upper singing school" at St. Martin's Hall, in the last two months.... The Sacred Harmonic Society have given the first of a series of "great vocal rehearsals," having for their object the keeping in continual practice of the Metropolitan contingent of the chorus which sang at the late Handel Festival, and which is to sing at the Grand Commemoration in 1859. Mr. Costa conducted. This was the programme:

Anthem—"We will rejoice".....Croft.
Chorus—"Tu es sacerdos" (in G).....Leo.
Anthem—"I will arise".....Creighton.
Chorus—"Righteous Heaven" (Susanna)....Handel.
Anthem—"We have heard with our ears".....Palestrina.
"In thee, O Lord".....Weldon.
Chorus—"Pignus future" (from the Litany in B flat).....Mozart.
Madrigal—"In going to my lonesome bed".....Edwards.
"Thyrsis, sleepest thou?".....Bennett.
"April is in my mistress' face".....Morley.
"Fair shepherds' queen".....Marenzio.
"Thus saith my Chloris".....Wilbye.

The regular concerts were to commence Nov. 27, with Haydn's Third Mass, Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion* and Spohr's "Last Judgment."

The Opera Buffa, at the St. James's Theatre is treating the Londoners to a pleasant course of light and sparkling novelties. On the 14th ult. Donizetti's *Il Compagnello* was the piece, the libretto being a literal rendering, by Donizetti himself, of the French vaudeville, *La Sonnette de Nuit*. This was succeeded by *Crispino e la Comare*, an opera by Luigi and Frederico Ricci. The names of the principal singers in the first piece are Mlle. Cesarini, Sig. Ferrario and Sig. Galli; in the second, Mme. Famagalli, Signor Giorgetti, (a tenor, "with a beautiful and sympathetic voice"), and Sigs. Carione (as the cobbler), Castelli and Carnevali (as the rival doctors), who sang a trio *buffo*, which was uproariously encored.

M. JULLIEN's last great success is his new "Indian Quadrille," nightly played to overflowing houses. In the shape of a Prospectus to the said Quadrille, M. Jullien delivers his sentiment on India, thus:

The Anglo-Saxon race seems destined to carry civilization, commerce, laws, and arts to the most remote parts of the world and amongst the most uncivilized tribes. In India, where even Alexander the Great had failed, Great Britain has triumphed. She planted, 'midst a semi-barbarous race, the laws of reason and justice. Tolerant of all differences and shades of opinion in the mother-country, she generously carried her liberal principles among the two hundred millions dwelling in British India, protected by her power, and ruled by her influence. They were left free in the exercise of their manners, customs, and religion. It was even a subject of

charge that she carried her tolerance beyond reasonable bounds, in too long permitting the cruelties with which the exercise of religion was attended, as taught by the Koran or practised by the devotees of Juggernaut. However the country flourished, &c, &c.

And so on for half a column or more. Mlle. Jetty Treffz is more popular than ever at these concerts. The next wave of Jullien's wand was to produce a Masked Ball; and then was to follow his annual "Festival" season, when Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart, Weber and Haydn would each have his night.

The London *Musical World*, from which we glean the above facts, takes occasion from the anniversary of the death of Mendelssohn to discourse characteristically about his influence and deal hard blows at the "musicians of the Future,"—too cautious, this time, to mix up Schubert and Schumann with Berlioz and Wagner. Here is a specimen:

Mendelssohn, living, exercised much the same effect upon music as the lady in Shelley's *Sensitive Plant* upon the flowers; and his death brought about just such a revulsion as the death of the lady in the garden she had tended. There was no longer cultivation, but disorder everywhere—

"Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous scum,"

choked up the avenues of art. Such musical Sepoys (!) as Liszt and Wagner would have been impossible had Mendelssohn been spared; but God willed otherwise, and the art of music was condemned to pass through a severe ordeal.

PARIS.—M. Gounod's recovery is complete. He has already two operas on the stocks—one called *Ivan le Terrible*, intended for the Grand Opera; the other *Le Medecin malgré lui*, founded on Molière's celebrated comedy, for the Theatre Lyrique. The announcement of an old opera by Rossini at the Bouffes Parisiens, called *Il Bruchino*, has given rise to a grave discussion in musical circles. The original name of the work in question, when produced at the San Mose in Venice, in 1813, was (according to some) *La Scala di Seta* (the ladder of silk). It is now, however, asserted that *Il Bruchino* is no other than *Il Figlio per azzardo*, the opera which immediately preceded *Tancredi*. Some of the Paris publishers have already taken advantage of the excitement created by the promised revival of an early work by the author of *Il Barbiere*, and have announced the music of *Il Bruchino*. Madame Nantier Didiée has appeared for the first time on the boards of the Italians as Rosina in the *Barbiere*, and in the lesson scene introduced a Spanish romance which created a marked sensation. Some of the French journals are in raptures with her acting. Why Alboni should have resigned one of her most admirable impersonations does not appear. Meyerbeer has left Paris, much chagrined, it may be presumed, at being unable, after three months hard toiling, to prepare Mme. Lauters in the part of Alice in *Robert Le Diable*. At the last moment, it is alleged, the lady acknowledged her inability to sing the music. The friends of Mme. Lauters insist that this was only an excuse to get rid of the part, which, for some unknown reasons, she was not willing to undertake, and find all sorts of excuses for her. It is strange that they should have neglected to take into account that Mme. Lauters has just married M. Gueymard, the tenor. Possibly her new change of state may account for her caprice. *Robert Le Diable* is thus shelved for a time. Rumors are afloat that the direction of the Opera Comique is about to undergo a change. M. Nestor Roqueplan is to be successor to M. Emile Perrin; and it is further stated that the new director will be assisted in the management by M. Henri Trianon. (The whole of this report has been officially denied.—Ed.) The new work by MM. Sauvage and Ambroise Thomas, to be entitled *Le Carnaval de Venise*, is announced for representation in a few days, and will be followed soon afterwards by a new opera of M. Buzin. A new operetta, in one act, called *Les Deux Pêcheurs*, the music by M. Offenbach, has been produced at the Bouffes Parisiens. Mme. Stoltz has left Paris for Barcelona, where she is engaged for a series of representations at the Royal Theatre. Signor Savori is gone to Amsterdam to give concerts. He proceeds thence to the Hague, Rotterdam, and Berlin, and returns to Paris in December. Mendelssohn's "Elijah" is in rehearsal at the Cirque de l'Imperatrice, and will be performed at a Grand Musical Festival in the first week of December, under the direction of M. Pasdeloup. Mme. Viardot and MM. Jourdan and Stockhausen will sing the solos. Mme. Viardot will at last see the accomplishment of a wish she has long cherished. It is to be hoped that her faith in

the musical taste of the Parisian public may be justified by the result.—(*Corr. London Musical World*, Nov. 21).

LEIPZIG. — The anniversary of MENDELSSOHN'S death (Nov. 4, 1847) was celebrated by a concert entirely of his music. A Leipzig paper says:

The music composed by the illustrious master to the ninety-fifth Psalm opened the performance. The solos were sung by Mlle. Rosa Mandl, of the Royal Berlin Opera, Mlle. Augusta Koch, and Herr Rudolph Otto, from Berlin, a gentleman already well known to us as an excellent singer of concert and sacred music. The overture, *The Hebrides*, was the second piece of the first part, which concluded with the violin concerto. Herr Joseph Joachim again displayed, in this concerto, that eminent and masterly skill, in every respect, which gives him an indisputable right to the first place among the artists at present living and playing on this instrument. In the second part, we heard the charming symphony, No. 4, in A major—without doubt the finest work of its kind ever written by the master—and the *Loreley* finale. The symphony and the overture, already mentioned, were in their execution masterly specimens of what our orchestra can do. The solo part in the finale was sung by Mlle. Rosa Mandl. According to report, this young lady undertook and studied the part, as well as that in the Psalm, at a comparatively short notice. The choruses (Sing-academie, Pauliner-Verein, Thomanerchor), were most excellent, in the Psalm and the finale.

The second of the Gewandhaus Concerts had for a feature of rare interest a very perfect performance of Beethoven's violin Concerto by Herr Laub. A new overture, "Hafis," by Louis Ehler, is spoken of as effective and sounding well, but wanting in original thoughts, and too much after the manner of Mendelssohn. Fräulein Ida Krüger sang an air from *Figaro* and three songs: the "Suleika" of Mendelssohn; *An den Sonnenschein*, by Schumann; and *Wohin*, by Schubert. She is said to be a singer of promise. Haydn's Symphony, No. 1, in E flat, and an overture by Rietz, in A major, as well as the "Hafis," were finely played. At the third concert, Oct. 22, a new Symphony (No. 7 in G minor) by Niels von Gade (manuscript), and two overtures, one by C. Reinecke, to *Dame Kobold* and one by R. Schumann, to *Genoveva*, were performed. Herr L. Brassin played, with great applause, Moscheles' G minor concerto, Chopin's *Berceuse*, and an original rhapsody. Mlle. Jenny Meyer, of Berlin, sang an air with obligato violin accompaniment by J. S. Bach, and the first scene of Bellini's *Romeo*. Jenny Lind and Rubinstein are staying here for the present.

FRANKFORT ON THE MAINE. — The operas performed here during the last three months were certainly various enough to suit all tastes. The list includes the *Czar and Zimmerman*, *Nozze di Figaro*, *Barber of Seville*, *Sp. Ar's Faust*, *Oberon*, *Clemenza di Tito*, *Postillon du Lonjumeau*, *Le Prophète*, *La Juive*, *Jacob und seine Söhne*, *I Puritani*, the *Huguenots*, Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, *Don Pasquale*, *Der Cadi*, *Trovatore*, Gluck's *Orfeo*, Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," &c., &c., &c. The Cecilia Society announce the High Mass and the *Matthew-Passion* of Bach, the "Jephthah" of Handel, and Cherubini's *Requiem*.

TRIESTE — On the 13th of October ALFRED JAELL gave a concert here, in which he played, besides some of his own compositions, the C sharp minor Sonata of Beethoven, a Fugue of Bach, and a Scherzo by Chopin. He was crowned with laurel, and called out more than twenty times, in true Italian fashion. In a second concert he brought out Liszt's "Orpheus" and "Prometheus," as arranged for two pianos.

BERLIN. — The programmes of Stern's Gesangverein for this season promise performances of "St. Paul," "Israel in Egypt," and the Ninth Symphony. . . . At the three subscription concerts of the Singakademie are to be given Bach's Cantata: *Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit*; Mozart's *Requiem*; the Christ-

mas Oratorio of Bach (for the first time in Berlin), and Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 12, 1857.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

The first concert of the ninth season of the Club took place last Tuesday evening. The Chickering saloon offered a scene to gladden the hearts of true music-lovers in these unmusical and gloomy times. It was filled to overflowing; even the ante-room was almost full; and with the best kind of audience. Nearly all the old faces were there, and many new ones, who have grown to seek more near acquaintance with the ever fresh inspirations of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Mozart. The members of the Club caught inspiration from the welcome, which was indeed such as to rebuke the timidity of concert societies and managers. They all looked well and bright, and in fit frame for live and real music. Never, to most ears, certainly to our ears, have their instruments discoursed richer, purer harmony than that which they proceeded to give us. The instrumental selections were very choice. Here is the programme:

- PART I.
1. Fourth Quintet, in D, Mozart.
Introduction and Allegro—Adagio—Minuetto—Finale, Allegro.
 2. Song of the Page, from the *Huguenots*, Meyerbeer.
 3. Eighth Quartet, in E minor, op. 59, No. 3 of the Three Razoumofsky Quartets, (1st time) Beethoven.
Allegro—Molto Adagio—Scherzo and Trio: Theme Russe—Finale, Presto.
 4. Cavatina from *Figaro*: Non so più cosa son, Mozart.
 5. Andante from the Quartet in B flat, No. 69, Haydn.
 6. Romanza from *La Juive*, Halevy.
 7. Andante and Finale Allegro Vivace, from the Quartet in D, No. 2, op. 44, Mendelssohn.

The songs introduced us to a fresh candidate for vocal honors, Mrs. HARWOOD, of this city. This young lady, to be sure, has made promising experiments before, some two or three years since, in Oratorio performances, when she exhibited a soprano voice of unusual richness, power, and freshness, and the good impression was much helped by personal appearance and simplicity of manner. She has all this now, and more. She has had the good sense and the will, it seems, to study; with the gift of reading music readily, she has sought good counsels in the art of developing and managing the voice: more especially of *subduing* power which she had in plenty; and the result so far was highly promising. The impression made in those three songs was most agreeable. Not that she is yet an artist; not that there is not more of the crude material than of the refined and the inspired Art of singing about her. Some of her strong high tones were harsh; the passages in *mezzo voce* were far more musical; and generally there was an over-proportion of mere voice and obvious mechanism to the all-fusing and subduing soul of melody. But it was fresh and natural, and gave much pleasure, with a promise of still better.

We come now to the instrumental pieces, which, as we have said, were all finely rendered. The Andante by Haydn, and the well-known movements from Mendelssohn, need no remark. Of the Quartet by Beethoven, the second, and to

us a new one of the famous Razoumofsky set of three, much should be said. An untoward accident called us from the room in the midst of it, and thus robbed us of this most important feature of the programme. But those who heard it will eagerly unite with us in the desire to have it played again; for such works cannot be put off with a single hearing. Enough we heard and read to know that it is full of the master's noblest, most peculiar inspirations. What we did hear, was profoundly interesting, and, in spite of its great difficulties, more clearly, satisfactorily, and spiritedly rendered, than we have heard *such* works before.

The Quintet by Mozart was perhaps quite as interesting. The Club have played it only once before, and that several years ago. It is more dramatic than the Quartets, as a Quintet well may be, having a voice to spare after the four parts of the harmony are filled out. There was now and then a little scratchiness in the strings in the Allegro, but we heard none afterwards; the full flow of the Mozart harmony rolled clear and undisturbed.

M. Oulibicheff (who does appreciate Mozart—no man better—although he seems so dead to all that is *not* Mozart-ian in Beethoven), says this Quintet is perhaps the finest of the five great ones of Mozart. We are tempted to translate much of his description of it:

"It was written about the end of the year 1790. D major is a bright, heroic, brilliant key, the classical key of military music. But there is nothing warlike in this Quintet. It opens with a mystical Larghetto, in 3-4; the bass stepping forward alone in fragments of an uncertain melody, seems to lead the other instruments step by step. Is the composer leading us into the grotto of Trophonius, or will he induct us into the Masonic mysteries? Nothing of the sort; it is quite a different surprise that he prepares for us. Through the windings of this gloomy passage we come out suddenly into a well-ordered, lighted, perfumed, comfortable place enough for a saloon in Eldorado (Allegro, in 4-4); music of a lively, witty, interesting conversation. Thoughts flow in abundance, and all so happily chosen, so well developed, singly or united, that it is very hard to distinguish the leading from the accessory thoughts. One feels equally contented, upon entering this Allegro, on whichever side he comes to it; whether it be violins, bass or viola, he at once takes part in the conversation. One must talk of all; and the others not only let one say all, but they assent and comment on it with good will; they repeat one's words, as if they came from one of the wise men of Greece, and simply for the reason that one always talks well. Here no *bon mot* falls to the ground; words from the heart are chilled by no unbelieving smile. On the contrary, the felicitous suggestions fly from mouth to mouth, the heart-felt words are repeated with right hearty sympathy. Precious society!

"But perfect equality reigns as little in the Quintet, as in society. The first violin, which has to take the initiative, takes up the word more frequently than the others; that is a right, that belongs everywhere and always to the one who has most wit and eloquence. The second violin belongs too truly to its friend, to dispute this ascendancy, which it on the contrary seeks by all means in its power to make availing. Not so with the first viola. This makes some claims to

rivalry; it is of a nature somewhat disputatious and dogmatical, as we shall see. The violoncello seems to keep watch like a moderator, that none may wander too far from the question, for the bass was ever the best harmonic logician. Finally, the second viola is like those persons of mind, who say little from habit, but who wait with admirable patience, and with admirable skill seize the opportunity to put in a word in the right place.

"The heavenly conversation would drag, sooner or later, if all were of just the same opinion. In the beginning of the second part the violin attempts to give the theme in F major; but this new view of the matter does not meet with a general response; it is answered by a multifarious murmur. Excitable by nature, as most great talkers are, the violin shows its dissatisfaction by a certain unfriendly bitterness, which results in a lively contention in passages of triplets. He, that first provoked it, sees his injustice and soon gives the *mo'ie* as they desired it, that is to say in D, whereupon they subject the same to a new friendly discussion, in which, however, they sift the matters in dispute in the first half of the Allegro in a more learned and thorough manner. The whole seems said, and beautifully expressed by each; and the speakers would still go on, did not a *Fermata* impose silence. That mysterious *Larghetto*, from the beginning, takes us again and leads us through almost the same winding passages by which we came to this delightful spot. A sudden relapse into the motive and tempo of the Allegro makes a swift and startling conclusion of eight measures.

"The Adagio, (G major, 3-4), one of the most sublime that Mozart has composed, a truly Elysian music—we find no better term for it—expresses a state of blissful tranquillity, mingled with memories of a recent passionate and tearful inclination. In this state melancholy becomes a spice to bliss, and evermore the songs of the violins, modulated in a key of tender and complaining recollections, melt in ecstatic cadences. The past reality is but a dream, and the dreams of the past have become inexpressible reality. If the poetry of words had something analogous to do, it would alternate between two modes: the tone of elegy, which is the echo as it were of a vanished existence, and the tone of contemplative ecstasy, as a character of the present. Music can do far more; it can combine these two manners and at the same time express the agitation of the heart and the sublime serenity of thought. And this it has done. While the divine songs of the violins move in the foreground in long strains of feeling, the bass, checked in its course by eighth-pauses, which are distributed in groups of short notes in the three parts of the rhythm, pursues the train of lofty meditations, with which the Adagio commenced. This remarkable passage, which begins with the 17th measure, and is entrusted one after another to the violoncello, the first violin, and the viola, is again perceptible at the close, but separated from the elegiac song, to which it offsets itself in the beginning. Here it has opposed to it but two half-notes, an F and an E, which presently lift themselves with loveliest effect into the upper strings of the extreme voices, and make the modulation to the key of the Fourth incline toward themselves, where it remains but a moment, and descends with energy back to the Tonic. The piece ends, or rather banishes, itself like an enchanted dream."

We shall give M. Oulibicheff's description of the other movements next week.

ERRATA.—In the article on Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" in our last, there were some wrong figures of reference. In the second paragraph, tenth line, for No. 4, read No. 2. Second page, 2d paragraph, 20th line, for No. 3, Book IV., read No. 3, Book VI. Also, last column of first page, 7th line, for *graceful*, please read *grateful*.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Now is the time, if at all before another winter, for some good, sound, classical, yet varied, and cheap orchestral concerts in Boston. The remarkable beginnings of the "Quintette Club" and "Orpheus" show that there has been a longing for good music, in spite of the disposition to forego luxuries. The well-filled Theatre, too, during three weeks of the Ballet, proved that there were dollars to be found in pockets. Our societies and *impresarii* have been unduly timid. Now they would have clear field, and meet an unclayed appetite. By the time they get their courage up, say February or March, innumerable candidates, virtuosos, singers, musical speculators of all sorts, will be rushing in to dispute the field with them, and to distract the seekers of this quiet kind of entertainment. Now is the accepted time. We think with the *Transcript* of yesterday: "Any movement for a good orchestral course, or a varied opera season, if conceived and carried out with a proper regard to the reasonable necessities of artists and the shrunken means of subscribers and patrons, would, we doubt not, be responded to with gratified delight and substantial encouragement by a music-fasting and suffering public."

That very enterprising and successful teacher of the Piano-Forte in classes, Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE, will commence three new classes during the coming week. See Advertisement. A fine chance for beginners.... The "Orpheus Club" have engaged Mr. SATTER, the pianist, for the next concert, who will play some "new school" music,—perhaps enough to offset what some may deem the ultra classicality of those choruses of the Greek tragedies.... In New York *Robert Le Diable* has been performed four or five times. Last night *La Traviata*, and to-night Herr FORMES again, in *Martha*, announced as the "only performance of German opera this season." Next Tuesday night *I Puritani* will be given for the benefit of the Hebrew Benevolent Society.... The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society give their second concert this evening; the programme includes a Symphony by Mendelssohn and overtures by Bennett and Von Weber.

A couple of Frenchmen, rummaging last summer among the dusty old scores in the library of St. Marks at Venice, discovered several compositions of the famous ALESSANDRO STRADELLA, in his own handwriting. It has hitherto been supposed that he left nothing but the well known hymn, or prayer, which he sang in the Sixtine Chapel, when pursued by the hired assassins of the Venetian nobleman. Nineteen songs are now brought to light. They are love songs, which the famous singer composed when he lived in the palace of the Contarini, and loved and was beloved by the daughter of the house. They are said to be distinguished by melody and elegance of style, and HALEVY, the composer of *La Juive*, is to write piano accompaniments to them.

Advertisements.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE has the honor to announce that she will open THREE NEW CLASSES for the instruction of Young Ladies and Misses, on the PIANO-FORTE:—

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ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB.

The Members of the ORPHEUS GLEE CLUB have the pleasure to announce that their SECOND CONCERT (of the Series of Three) will take place at the MELODRON on SATURDAY EVENING, Dec. 19th, under the direction of Mr. AUGUST KREISSMANN.

The Club will be kindly assisted by Miss LUCY A. DOANE, Vocalist, Mr. GUSTAV SATTER, Pianist, and Mr. W. SCHRAUBSTADTER, Vocalist, and will introduce among other novelties for the first time Two Double Choruses from MENDELSSOHN's music to the tragedies: ANTIGONE and ŒDIPUS COLONEUS, by Sophocles.

Tickets, 50 cents each, may be had at the music stores of Messrs Russell & Richardson, Oliver Ditson & Co., and E. H. Wade, and at N. D. Cotton's, Washington St.

Harvard Musical Association.

The Annual Meeting will be held on MONDAY EVENING, January 18th, 1858, at the REVERE HOUSE. Business meeting at 7 o'clock precisely, and a PUNCTUAL ATTENDANCE is earnestly requested. . . . SUPPER at 9 o'clock.

HENRY WARE, Recording Secretary.

Boston, Dec. 12, 1857.

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For further information apply to Mr. M., at his residence, Ionic Hall, Roxbury; or address at the music stores of O. Ditson & Co. or Russell & Richardson; or at this office.

OCTOBER, 1857.

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